

39.

The Tryall of True love to you I will Recite,  
Between a fair young lady and a courteous knight

The tune is *Dainty come thou to me,*



**D**ear I owe regard my grief,  
Do not my suit disdain.  
O please me some relief  
That am to thy sorrow slain.  
These long seven years and more  
I'll have I loved thee,  
Do thou my joyes restore,  
Fair Lady pitty me,

Pitty my grievous groan,  
long suffered for thy sake,  
Do not his suit disdain,  
That no time rest can take.  
These long seven years and more  
I'll have I loved thee,  
Do thou my joyes restore,  
Fair Lady pitty me,

How should I pitty thee,  
this Lady then reply'd.  
Thou art no match for me,  
thy suit must be deny'd.  
I am of noble blood,  
thou but of mean degree,  
It stands not for my good,  
souldy to match with thee.

This answer had he moke,  
which cut his heart full deep,  
That on his bed full oft,  
would he lye down and weep.  
With tears he did lament,  
his sorrow deking.  
With sighs, yet would he say,  
Fair Lady pitty me,

While I live I must love,  
so fancy never shall  
My mind cannot remove,  
such is my constancy.  
My mind is noble bent,  
though I of mean degree,  
Sweet Lady give consent,  
to love and pitty me.

The Lady hearing now,  
the mean that he did make,  
Did of his suit allow,  
and thus to him she spake.  
Sir Knight mourn thou no more,  
my faith I plight to thee,  
Pay this thy joyes restore,  
thou hast thy wish of me.

But first sweet love quoth she,  
what wilt thou give me,  
With speed to marry me,  
and thy delight to take.  
It were a bargain bad,  
to get a wanton wife,  
And lose with sorrow great,  
thy sweet desired life.

If that my Father knew  
the love I bear to thee  
We both the same should rue,  
therefore he rul'd by me.  
When my Father is in bed,  
and all his merry men,  
Through the window will I get  
for that you must me then.



the 22<sup>d</sup> folio of the

Tryall of True Love &c.



**C**ontent Lady he said,  
hee's but a Coward Knight,  
Whom ought that make afraid,  
to win a Lady bright.  
Thus then they went away,  
but by the Paster Cook,  
Coming through the window wide,  
was this fair Lady took.

O gentle Cook quoth she,  
do not my dear betray.  
Some labour to me be,  
and let me pass away.  
I be that both conquer Kings,  
for I do so to day.  
What if others sit and sing,  
make not my heart to bleed.  
So then said the Cook,  
fair Lady pardon me  
who can this trespass brook,  
committed now by thee,  
My Lord your Father shall  
the matter understand.  
For I will not let,  
neither for house nor Land.

Then from the Ladies face,  
fell down the tears again;  
She was in such case,  
and thus she did complain.  
Alas my own dear Love,  
little knowest thou my grief,  
Great sorrows must we prove,  
hope yielding no relief.

Her Father in a spleen,  
lockt up his daughter bright,  
And sent forth armed men  
to take this worthy Knight.

Who then was judg'd to be  
quite knight from the Land,  
Heer his Love to see  
so strict was the command.  
And at the Sessions next,  
after the knight was gone,  
To his daughter full of woe,  
they brought a hanged man.  
Whose head was smitt en off,  
the man was truth to prove;  
Quoth her Father wondrous Dame  
now see thee here thy love.

Her tears fell down again,  
when this sight she did see,  
And sore she did complain  
of Fathers cruelty.  
His body she did wash,  
with tears that she did shed  
An hundred times she kiss,  
his body being dead.

Alas my love he said,  
near hast thou paid for me.  
Would God in heavens bliss  
my soul were now with thee.  
But while that I live  
a vow I here do make  
Seven years to live unwed  
for my True Lovers sake.

Her Father hearing this  
was grieved inwardly  
He pardon'd her a while  
and prais'd her constancy  
And to this courteous Knight  
her Father did her wed  
God grant the like success  
where perfect love is bred.

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(1655-63)